THE MYSTERY GIRL

A Fascinating Romance of Baffling Plot and Throbbing Love Interest By CAROLYN WELLS Copyright, 1928, by J. B. Lippincott Company. Berialized by Ledger Syndicate.

THIS BEAUTY

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may be a proved to the second color of the sec seemed indisposed to pursue the sublans to morrowidow. With his live's amad cultured and a rosu future asbition achieved and achieved asbition achieved and achieved achieved achieved and achieved future.

"Don't you think she's odd looking?"

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Don't you think she's odd looking?"

Dodd looking." he repeated: "I

don't know. I didn't notice her especially. She seegled to me a rather

distinguished type."

"Distinguished is the word." agreed
Lockwood. "What about the lecture
because of it?"

"No: I must lecture myself tomorrow night. Doctor? Will Fessenden take care of it?"

"No: I must lecture myself tomorrow night. I'm sorry, for I'm busy
with that book revision. However, I'll
look up some data this evening, and
I shall be ready for it."

"Gu curse you will." laughed M

denly; "what do you mean? What's too bad?"

"Whatever it is that troubles you."

The deep blue eyes met her own, but there was no sign of response of acquiescence on the girl's face.

"Good-by." she said, rising quickly, "The classic touch," Lockwood smiled.

"Yes, it adds dignity, if one is a

But Miss Mystery gave him no look, aithough she allowed him to fall into dep beside her, and the two walked rap-dly along.

"How'd you like the looks of the

doctor?" Pinky asked, hoping to in-uce conversation. "I scarcely saw him." "Oh, you saw him.—though you had small chance to get to know him. Per-fect old brick, but a little on edge of

it on Sundays. It's a corking

"Yes," said Miss Austin. On reaching the Adams house, girl said a quick good-by, and Pinky Payne found himself at liberty to go in and see the other members of the household, or to go home, for Miss Austin his characteristic bow, departed again.

At 10:30 Mrs. Peyton and Helen disappeared into the hall and up the staircase with the rapidity of a disolving view.

nade him pay any attention to her

"She was!" Helen agreed.

ouldn't make her out at all. And I ion't call her pretty, either. "I do," observed Emily Bates. call her very pretty—and possessed of great charm."

"Charm!" scoffed Helen; "I can't

"She isn't rude," Pinky defended he absent. "I'm sure, Mrs. Peyton, he made her adieu most politely. Why she made her adieu most politely. didn't know any of us-and, perhaps

the doesn't like any of us. "That's it." Gordon Lockwood tated. "She doesn't like us.-I'm should she, if Fure of that. Well, why should she, if

"Why shouldn't she?" countered Tyler. "She's so terribly superior— I can't bear her. She acts as if she wned the earth, yet nobedy knows who the is or anything about her."
"Where is Miss Austin?" asked Dr. Waring, returning, quite composed and

"She went home," informed Mrs. "She went home," informed Mrs. Bates, "Are you all right, John?"
"Oh, yes, dear. I wasn't ill, or anything like that. The awkward accident touched my nerves, and I wanted to run away and bide."

He smiled whimsically, looking like naughty schoo boy, and Emily Bates pok his hand and drew him down to a at beside her.
"What made you drop it, John?"
seld, with a direct look into his

He hesitated a moment, and his own snow, Emily: I suppose it was a suda physical contraction of the muscles my hand—and I couldn't control it."

Mrs. Bates didn't look assisted by: Mrs. Bates didn't look satisfied, but did not pursue the subject. Then he discussion of Anita was resumed.
"How did you like her looks, Dr.

Ariag?" Helen Peyton asked.
"I scarcely saw her," was the quiet
ply. "Did you all admire her?"
"Some of us did," Mrs. Bates anwered; "I do, for one. Did you ever
te her before, John?"
Dr. Waring wered.

Dr. Waring stared at the question. "Never," he declared. "How could ave done so?" "I don't know, I'm sure," Mrs.

tes laughed. "I just had a sort of No. wear. I never saw the girl be re in my life." Waring reasserted. That same Sunday evening the War-

household dined alone. Oftener not there were guests, but to-Ito, the butler, had holiday Sunday

ternoon and evening, and Nogi, the cond and less experienced man, was Mrs. Peyton as to his service at

en Peyton was in a talkative mood commented volubly on the caller afternoon, Miss Austin.

She met little response, for her mother was absorbed in the training of the Japanese, and the two men seemed indisposed to pursue the sub-

"Good-by," she said, rising quickly,
"Good-by," she said, rising quickly,
"Oh, no—don't go," cried Pinky,
sverhearing. "Why, you've only just
come."
"Yes, I must go," said Miss Mystery, decidedly. "Good afternoon, Mrs.
Bates, and thank you for bringing me.
Good afternoon, Mrs. Peyton."
Including all the others in a general
low of farewell, the strange girl went
to the front door, and paused for the
attendant Nogi to open it.

Doortending the assistant butler unferstcbd and he punctiliously waited
will Miss Austin had buttoned her
will Miss Austin had buttoned her
fove and had given an adjusting pat to
hall mirror.

Then he opened the door with an obquious air, and closed it behind her
eparting figure.

But it was immediately flung open

The Classic touch," Lockwood
"Yes, it adds dignity, if one is a
bit shy of material." Waring admitted.
good-naturedly. "That's all, Lockwood. You may go, if you like."
"No, sir. I'll stay until eleven or
so. I'm pretty busy with the reports.
and, too, some one may call whom I can take care of."

"Good chap you are, Lockwood. I
appreciate it. Very well, then, don't bother me unless absolutely necessary."
The secretary left the room and closed
the study door behind him.

The Tragedy

This door gave on to the end of the
cross hall, and the hall ended then, in a roomy window seat, and also held
a book rack and table; altogether a
comfortable and useful nook, frequently
occupied by Gordon Lockwood. The
window looked out on the beautiful
lake view as dld the great study window

equious air, and closed it behind her eparting figure.

But it was immediately flung open gain by Pinky Payne, who ran nrough it and after the girl.

"Wait a minute, Miss Austin. How st you walk! I'm going home with you."

"Please not." she said, indifferently, scarcely glancing at him.

"Yep. Gotto. Getting near dusk, and you might be kidnapped. Needn't talk if you don't want to."

"I never want to talk!" was the surprising and crisply spoken retort.

"Well, didn't I say you needn't! Don't get wrathy—don't 'ee, don't 'ee, how,—as my old Scotch nurse used to class a chance caller should come to disturb the doctor at him the color of the highroad on which stood, not far away, the Adams boarding-house.

Lockwood lodged there, as being more convenient, but most of his waking hours were spent in his employer's home. A perfect secretary he had proved himself to be, for his prescience amounted almost to clairvoy-ance, and his imperturbability was exceedingly useful in keeping troublesome people or things awaf from John Warles, and the second of the highroad on which stood, not far away, the Adams boarding-house.

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lest a chance caller should come to disturb the doctor at his work. But Lockwood's own work was some-

what neglected. Try as he would to concentrate upon it, he could not entirely dismiss from his mind a certain mysterious little face, whose meaning eluded him. For once, Gordon Lockwood, reader of faces, was baffled. He couldn't classify the girl who was both rude and charming, both cruel and pathetic. thetic.

fect old brick, but a little on edge of late. Approaching matrimony, I suppose. Did you notice his ruby stickpin?"

"Yes; it didn't seem to suit him at all."

"No; he's a conservative dresser. But that pin,—it's a famous gem,—was given him by his own class.—I mean his graduating class, but long after they graduated, and he had to promise to wear it once a week, so he usually gets into it on Sundays. It's a corking

At any rate he thought about her while his work waited. And, then, he thought of other things—for he had troubles of his own, had this supercilious young man. And troubles which galled him the more that they were sordid—money troubles, in fact. His whole nature revolted at the mere thought of mercenary considerations, but if one is short of funds one must recognize the condition, distasteful though it be.

At 9.30 Nogi came with a tray bear. At 9:30 Nogi came with a tray bear-

ing water and glass Under the watchful eye of Mrs. Percent the Japanese tapped at the study door and, in response to the master's bidding, went in with his tray. He left it punctil-iously on the table directed, and with

went upstairs to their rooms, the housekeeper having given Nogi strict and definite instructions, which included his Young Payne turned away and definite instructions, which included his strolled slowly back to the Waring home, wondering what it was about the disagreeable young woman that And the night wore on.

A clear, cold night, with a late-rising He found her the topic of discussion great yellow disc nearly round. when he arrived.
"Of all rude people," Mrs. Peyton fairyland, for the sleet that had covdeclared, "she was certainly the ered the trees with a coating of ice. and had fringed eaves and fences with ing landscape frozen and sparkling in

And when, some hours later, the sun rose on the same chill scene its rays made no perceptible impression on the cold and the mercury stayed down at its lowest winter record

And so even the stolid Japanese Ito shivered, and his yellow teeth chattered as he knocked at Mrs. Peyton's door She in the early dawn of Monday morning.

"What is it?" she cried, springing from her bed to unboit her door.

"Grave news, madam," and the Ori-

bowed before her. What has happened? Tell me, Ito." "I am not sure, madam-but, the

Yes, what about Dr. Waring?" "He is—he is asleep in his study."
"Asleep in his study! Ito, what do
ou mean?" That, madam. His bed is unslept

in. His room door ajar. I looked in the study—through from the diningroom-he is there by his desk-

"Asleep, Ito—you said asleep!"
"Yes—madam—but—I do not know. And Nogi—he is gone."
"Gone! Where to?"
"That also: I do not know. Will madam come and look?"

"No; I will not! I know something has happened! I knew something would

Ito, he is not asleep-he happen! "Don't say it, madam. We do not know."
"Find out! Go in and speak

But the door is locked. I tried "Locked! The study door locked, and Dr. Waring still in there? How do you

"I peeped from the dining-room win-dow—and I could see him, leaning down on his desk."
"From the dining-room window!

what do you mean?"
"The small little inside windows.
Madam knows?"
The study had been added to the Waring house after the house had been built for some years. Wherefore, the dining-room, previously with a lake view from its windows, was cut off from that view. But the windows, three

mall, square ones, remained, and so, boked into the new study. However, the study, a higher ceiling being desired, had its floor sunken six t same Sunday evening the Warlousehold dined alone. Oftener
not there were guests, but tothere were only the two PeyLockwood and John Waring

The original sashes had been replaced
to the study side, but one could look

The original sashes had been replaced
to the study statuted slass open sashes

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to the study statuted slass open sashes

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to the study statuted slass open sashes

The original statuted slas by beautiful stained glass, opaque save for a few tiny transparent bits through which a persistent and curious-minded person might discern some parts of the

The stained glass sashes were im-movable, and were there more for a decoration than for utility's sake.

CONTINUED TOMORROW



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-How Come Such Luxuries?



BUT MARY, I CAUT GET OVER THE SIGNS THAT THE BANDIT CHIEF IS IN LOVE AINT IT WOMERFUL WHAT A BIRDCAN EAT WHEN YER HE LEFT YESTERDAY- OH HUNGRY EVEN IF WE ARE BEIN IT'S DREADFUL! HELD BY BANDITS? COME ON, THIS HERE WARMED OVER EGGS AINT BAD-IT'LL GIVE YER MERVE!

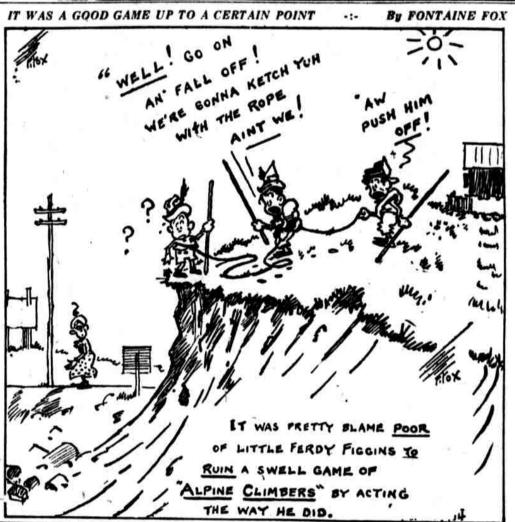
THE TOAST AND CURRANT JELLY 15 GOOD. ISAT IT Copyright, 1922, by Public Ladger Co.

By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office TOAST AND LELLY! HOW D'YOU WORK THAT DRAG? WE HAVEN'T ANY TOAST AND JELLY ON OUR DISHES! OH ISAT THAT QUEER! WHY TESTERDAY I HAD FRESH CREAM WITH

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says another thing that makes her mad is all this urging of women to be sure to qualify as voters before the election, as if they weren't just as fit to vote as men are.



SCHOOL DAYS -:-By DWIG WED DUSHTA GIT A MICHEL A BOTTOE FOR IT, DONTCHA THINK LED ? GOSH! A PERSON'D CUGHTA DE MILLIN TO PAY A NICKEL TO - BUT IT REALY AINT THE SPUNK WATER GIT RID O' THEIR WARTS CHAINE OOL LINKS TIS WHAT YOU SAY WINEH YOU RUB THE SPUNKINATER ONTO EM WE KIN CHARGE 'EM MICHEL FOR WHAT I SAY AM' CHUCK IM THE SPUHRWATER-

PETEY-Oh, No! Not at All! - BY JINKS: I DID A - I ALWAYS FIGURE GOOD JOB SHEAKING AWAY A MAN IS CAPABLE OF PROM THE WOMEN SO'S ! DECIDING FOR HIMSELF COULD BUY MY - WOMEN THINK A NEW FALL HAT. GUY SHOULD WEAR WHAT WITHOUT THEM THEY LIKE -- I DON'T TELLING ME WHAT CARE ONE BIT ABOUT TO GET- HOPE, I THEIR 2 DON'T CARE FOR OPINIONS! THIS ONE ?





GASOLINE ALLEY-A Natural-Born Collector

